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THE ULTIMATES 2



MARVEL

THE AVENGERS



DIRECT EDITION

PARENTAL ADVISORY



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THE ULTIMATES 2



MARVEL

THE AVENGERS

When faced with Nazi Germany's military advances, the U.S. government decided that the best weapon against them was a person, not a bomb. With this in mind, Steve Rogers volunteered for a covert military experiment that turned him into Captain America. After a few years of exemplary service, Captain America fell in battle—his body wasn't recovered. Years passed and Captain America was found frozen in suspended animation. When he awoke, he was convinced to join Iron Man, the Wasp, Giant-Man, Black Widow, Hawkeye, and Thor in forming the superhuman defense initiative run by Nick Fury, called The Ultimates.

PREVIOUSLY IN THE ULTIMATES:

After saving the world from an alien invasion, the Ultimates were hailed as the world's greatest celebrities. Unfortunately, times change. One by one, the team has been taken down, and America has been invaded by an international team of superhumans calling themselves "The Liberators."

As Captain America and Wasp reunite with Hawkeye and the rest of the team, Iron Man disappears into space after shutting down the traitorous Black Widow. Giant-Man seems to be working with the invaders. Thor—falsely accused of being a traitor—remains incarcerated.

But it's the Hulk who makes the most spectacular reappearance...

THE AVENGERS



THE ULTIMATES

MARK MILLAR

STORY

BRYAN HITCH

PENCILS

PAUL NEARY WITH BRYAN HITCH

INKS

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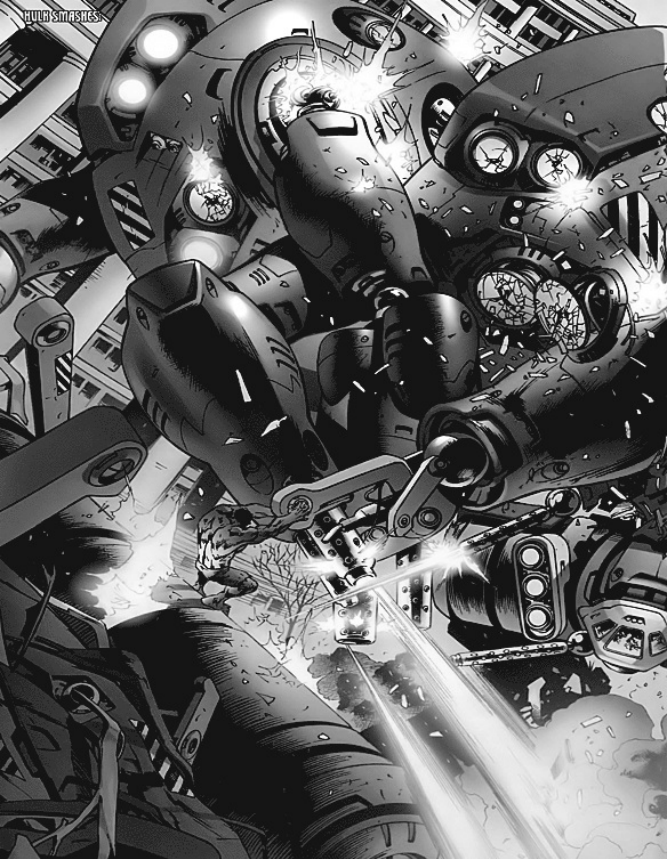
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CAPTAIN AMERICA CREATED BY JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY

ULTIMATES 2 (ISSN #1539-9443) No. 12, August, 2006. Published Monthly except semi-monthly in August by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10018. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$4.75 in Canada (GST #R127002652) in the direct market and \$3.99 per copy in the U.S. and \$5.75 in Canada (GST #R127002652) through the newsstand. Canadian Agreement #40626537. Printed in Canada. Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. \$27.00; Canada \$37.00; Europe \$39.00. POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO ULTIMATES 2, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., P.O. BOX 30520 SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84130-0520. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158, FAX # (801) 208-0877, suggestions@marvelsub.com. ADRI FINE, President & CEO of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP of Publishing Operations; DAN CARL, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIEL, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-676-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.











Nobody else gets *involved*.
You hear me? No matter what
happens next. This is between
me and *him*.



Suits
me.





Is that the best you can do, Hawkeye? Flailing around like a spastic?

UNGH!



C'mon! C'mon! I thought they said you were Fast!





"Touch him again
and I take your
head off."

"Don't pretend you can't
hear me, witch. I can tell
you've been kitted-out."

"Oh, I *hear* you, Quicksilver.
And I've been looking forward
to this since they first sliced
me open."



"We know all about *you*
and that strange *sister*
fixation you seem to have."



"What's the *matter*, Pietro?
Didn't Daddy ever tell you he
loved you or something?"



"Speed we're moving at, I
could blow Hawkeye up just
by *touching* this dot."



"You want *Fast*,
Hurricane?"

"I'll
give you
fast--"



"What kind of *limits* did they take you up to back home?"

"Mach five? Mach ten?"



"I was hitting *those* numbers when I still had *pimples*!"

"P-Pietro, please!"



"Feel your bones rumbling like you're riding on a *freight train*? That's *molecules* dancing--"



"That's what happens when you *threaten* my friends!"



UGH!



Betty, what happened? Where's Pietro?









NEW YORK:

What's going on? What are you people doing out after curfew?

Actually, we're trying to find the *Fantastic Four*, sir, you wouldn't have any idea where they *are*, would you?

What? Get the hell out of here! This area is off-limits to civilians!

Oh, we're not civilians. We're a supersoldier task force from the European Union!

I'm assuming you didn't read superhero comics back in Mother Russia?

These are called *secret identities*, in case you didn't know...



Fight-back's spreading all across the *country*, Mister President. *The Union's* already in their camps and busy freeing all the other *superhumans*.

I'm *sorry*, Miss Ross, but I ain't leavin' Dodge 'til I know for sure the V.P.'s *okay*.

He's *fine*, sir! Hawkeye just put his family in a chopper less than *two minutes* ago!



Really?

I'll need to keep an eye out for that one, *too*.



Get in the jeep! Quickly! Leave this to Jan, Nick! Go!



What's she gonna *do*? Can she talk to bugs now, *too*?



Are you *insane*? I'm just gonna inject a little something Hank gave me...

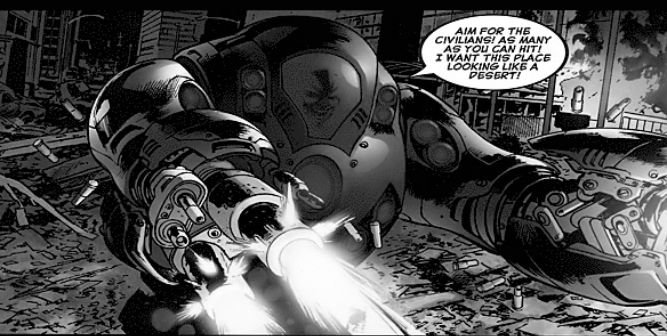


Oh, for the love of--





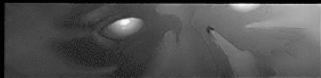




AIM FOR THE
CIVILIANS! AS MANY
AS YOU CAN HIT!
I WANT THIS PLACE
LOOKING LIKE A
DESERT!

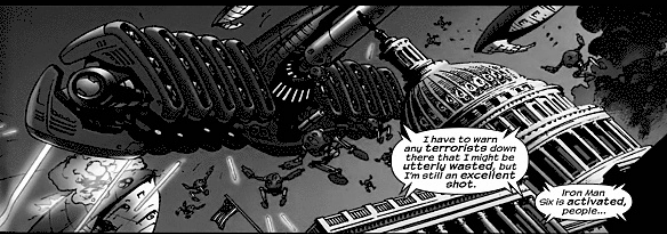


LET'S
GIVE THEM
DEATH LIKE
THEY'VE
NEVER SEEN
BEFORE!



Oh
shut up,
will you?



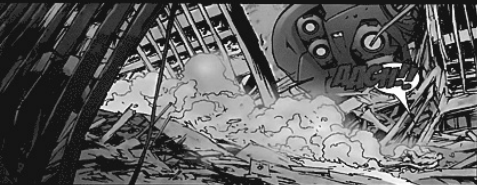


I have to warn
any terrorists down
there that I might be
utterly wasted, but
I'm still an excellent
shot.

Iron Man
Six is activated,
people...







I...I don't *understand*.
How did you *do* it, Banner?
How could you *beat* me
when I'm so much *smarter*?
It doesn't *make*
sense...



YOU
THINK TOO
MUCH!

**HURRI! HURRI!
HURRI!**

Well done, Stark!
Hulk like it when you
make little men
explode! it make
Hulk laugh!

**BANNER, NO!
PLEASE!!**



You know
your
problem,
ugly-
scientist-
guy?





Flyers are burning out before I'm even hitting them, guys. What's the situation on the ground?



Thinning out.



Even thinner by Blumont Park.



HUKK!



Washington skies are clear, gentlemen. Setting course now for the streets of Manhattan.



Doctor Pym! Your fellow Liberators are in trouble and there's just enough of us to help them. Should we switch from crowd control and intervene?

Ah, yes. Yes, definitely. But make sure you help the *Ultimates*, Ultron. It's, ah, time we let them realize we were *infiltrating* the Liberators.



What? Seriously?

Stop wasting time, robot! I want these terrorists closed down ASAP!!



Whatever you say, Doctor Pym.



If you think for one second anybody will believe this...

It's the truth, Pietro. On my mother's life.



Give it up, al-Rahman. It's over.

URFF!



And why should I give up?
So you can humiliate and
execute me before your
fellow officers?

Don't be ridiculous.
That's not the way we do
things in this country.



Now
who's being
ridiculous.



I wanted a fair fight. I really did.



But you can't expect me to walk away with nothing, sir. Not after everything you did to the people I loved.



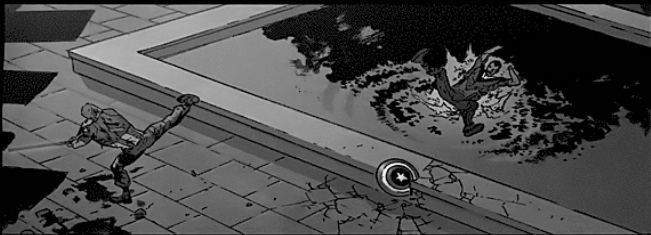
HAWKEYE!
DO SOMETHING!
USE CAP'S SHIELD
TO TAKE HIM
OUT!

I can't!
It's too
far!



I take no
pleasure in what
comes next.







No jokes,
Abdul.







Satellite uplinks are *operational*, boys.
S.H.I.E.L.D.'s in control again and all U.S. bases
have been removed from *enemy hands*.

Any
word on New
York?

According
to Tony, New York
is *secure*...



That said, he *did* sound
kinda drunk and seemed
to be *singing* while he
was shooting things.



Oh, I'll be
singing *too*,
General. Just
you wait...



My father sent
Thor to bring peace
to the world and I did
everything I could to
disrupt that. I
really did.

But it seems you
people have *no appetite*
for World War Three and so
I must take a more
direct approach.

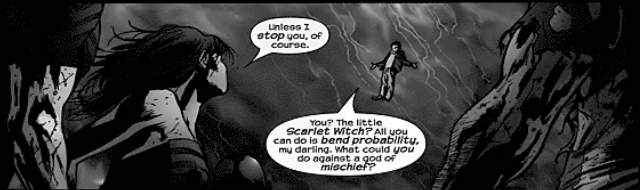


That's right, *Loki*. Half-brother to
the wretched *Thor* and *Forgotten*
son of *Odin*. But I've had enough
of simply tinkering *behind the*
scenes.

You've forced me now to
show my hand and thus you
will suffer as no man has
ever *suffered*.

Who
the hell
is--?

Loki...



Looking
for trouble,
Loki?





TO BE CONCLUDED

Team



KRYPTONIA

DCP



2

doodle